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# Robinbird Notes

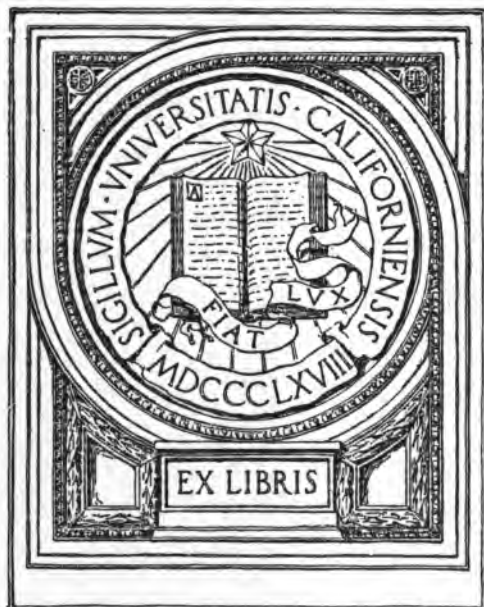


Compiled by  
Isabel C. Merndon



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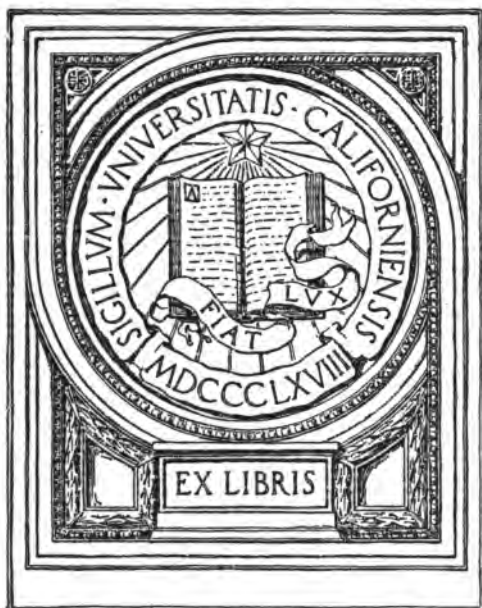
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# Blue Bird Notes OF CALIFORNIA

Gleams of Gladness

"Grow always, give of your store and to the best of your ability; fill the need nearest you—and one morning you will awake to find the Blue-bird nestling near your chamber window."

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1919

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FIFTH EDITION

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6519 BELLA VISTA WAY,  
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA.



no vital  
anatomical

Friend o' Mine:

I'm sending you a whole flock o' "Blue Birds"  
with bits o' song and notes o' cheer that float to  
me as I come along Life's Highway o' Ups and  
Downs (mostly Ups), Dust and Flowers (mostly  
Flowers).

The names o' many o' the singers have escaped  
me, but I want to thank them every one for the  
inspiration and the consolation that it is sheer joy  
for me to pass along. I feel sorely sure they  
will join me in hoping that:

These little lovely licks that I've caught adown the  
years,  
Will put you into tune with the music o' the  
spheres.

Yours  
S. J. L.

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## Blue Bird Notes

"What is it not to care for poetry! It is to have no little dreams and fancies, no holy memories of golden days—to be unmoved by serene mid-summer evenings, or dawn o'er wild lands, singing or sunshine, little tales told by the fire a long while since, glow-worms and brier rose—for of all of these things and more is poetry made. It is to be cut off forever from the fellowship of great men that are gone, to see men and women without their halos, and the world without its glory; to miss the meaning lurking behind the common things—like elves hiding in flowers; it is to beat one's hand all day against the gates of Fairyland and to find that they are shut and the country empty and the kings—gone hence." —Lord Dunsany.

\* \* \*

God wants our life to be a song. He has written the music for us in His Word and in the duties that come to us in our places and relations in life. The things we ought to do are the notes set upon the staff. To make our lives beautiful music we must be obedient and submissive. Any disobedience is the singing of a false note and yields discord.

—J. R. Miller.

\* \* \*

To your judgments give ye not the reins  
With too much eagerness, like him, who ere  
The corn be ripe, is fain to count the grains;  
For I have seen the briar through the winter snows  
Look sharp and stiff—yet on a future day  
High on its summit bear the tender rose.

—Dante.

No one is respectable who is not doing his best.  
—*Horace Fletcher.*

\* \* \*

The broad-minded see the truth in different religions; the narrow-minded see only their differences.  
—*A Chinese Proverb.*

\* \* \*

"A little explained, a little endured, a little passed over in silence, and lo! the rugged atoms fit smooth mosaic."

\* \* \*

Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt.  
—*Shakespeare.*

\* \* \*

Would you remain always young, and would you carry all joy and buoyancy of youth into your maturer years? . . . Then have care concerning one thing—how you live in your thought world.  
—*R. W. Trine.*

\* \* \*

The greatest school is the University of Hard Knocks. Its playground is the Universe; its President is the Almighty. Its books are bumps. Every bump we get is a lesson. If we learn the lesson with one bump, we don't get that bump any more; we get promoted to the next bump.  
—*Ralph Parlette.*

"Happiness may be thought, sought or caught,  
but not bought."

\* \* \*

"Were there no night we could not read the stars,  
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare;  
Freedom is best seen through the prison bars,  
And rough seas make the haven passing fair."

\* \* \*

"Ministry helps to mastery. When we are busy  
serving others we forget to obey self. It is the life  
that is most engaged in unselfish service against which  
the arrows of temptation fly with least force. De-  
votion to others is strong against the temptations of  
selfishness."

\* \* \*

"It is not enough to dream only. The dream is  
only the ore—the raw material.

The heat of your will must be enough to form  
a crucible to *fuse* the ore to your purpose. Your  
constant act must be the hammer forging the work  
to completeness."

\* \* \*

"What seems to grow fairer to me as life goes  
by is the love and the grace and the tenderness of it;  
not its wit and cleverness and grandeur of knowl-  
edge—grand as knowledge is—but just the laughter  
of children, and the friendship of friends, and the  
cozy talk by the fire, and the sight of flowers, and  
the sound of music."

"The deeper I drink of the cup of life the sweeter it grows—the sugar is all at the bottom."

\* \* \*

"Don't get discouraged. It is often the last key that opens the lock."

\* \* \*

"Obstruction is but virtue's foil;  
The stream impeded has a song."

\* \* \*

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and touch that never hurts.

—*Dickens.*

\* \* \*

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies; the string o'er slack is dumb, and the music dies; tune up the sitar neither low nor high.

—*Edwin Arnold.*

\* \* \*

He will not send thee into a wood to fell an oak with a penknife. When He calls thee to work thou never didst, He will give thee the strength thou never hadst.

—*John Mason.*

\* \* \*

Amusement is the last thing about which we need to concern ourselves. What does a bird or an angel think of it? Each wings his way and his *flight* is his joy. Ruskin says: "All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray; these are the things that make men happy."

A gentle hand can lead even an elephant by one hair.—*Persian Proverb.*

\* \* \*

"The fine flower of skill grows on the rough stem of routine."

\* \* \*

Our greatest glory consists not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—*Emerson.*

\* \* \*

Errors like straws upon the surface flow,  
He who would search for pearls must dive below.  
—*Dryden.*

\* \* \*

Observe the postage stamp! Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing until it gets there.—*Josh Billings.*

\* \* \*

"Do not worry about being inconsistent. If you are alive and growing you will not think tomorrow what you think today. There are only two kinds of people who are absolutely consistent—idiots and dead men."

\* \* \*

Sunshine is delicious, rain is refreshing, wind braces up, snow is exhilarating; there is really no such thing as bad weather—only different kinds of good weather.—*Ruskin.*

\* \* \*

The man who looks back on his life and says—"I have nothing to regret"—has lived in vain. The life without regret is the life without gain. Regret is but the light of fuller wisdom from our past illuminating our future.—*Jordan.*

No man can be ideally successful until he has found his place. Like a locomotive—he is strong on the track, but weak everywhere else.

—O. S. Marden.

\* \* \*

“He who loves mankind will serve mankind, and he who so serves is about the business of the King, and in this he finds happiness.”

“Love is the fulfilling of the law.” “Bear ye one another’s burdens.”

\* \* \*

Seize this very minute—

What you can do, or dream you can, begin it.

Courage has genius, power and magic in it.

Only engage, and then the mind grows heated—

Begin it, and the work will be completed.

—Goethe.

\* \* \*

“When you find a fellow that is weaker than yourself, give him a boost, the exercise will give you strength. And the strength gained thereby will help you in bearing your own burden. If you have not known poverty, heart hunger and misunderstanding, God has overlooked you and you are to be pitied. The very struggles of life are essential for our growth. No man gains physical strength when drifting with the tide, but when pulling against it. No man gains personal magnetism—spiritual, without exercise of his spiritual faculties. Uniform success is not desirable; it softens the muscles of the soul and takes the temper out of the steel of resolution.”

"Understanding is the path that leads to forgiveness."

\* \* \*

A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffered, rivers can not quench. —*Shakespeare.*

\* \* \*

"I am not fighting my fight:  
I am singing my song."

\* \* \*

We are tempted, not in order to be ruined, but in order to be made. Temptation is just man's chance of flying his colors. —*Thomas Phillips.*

\* \* \*

The man who tries and succeeds is one degree less of a hero than the man who tries and fails and yet goes on trying. —*Ellen Thornycroft Fowler.*

\* \* \*

"As creeping tendrils shudder from the stone,  
The vines of love avoid the frigid heart;  
The work men do is not their test alone,  
*The love they win is far the better part.*"

\* \* \*

"To be alive only to appetite, pleasure, pride, money-making and not to goodness and kindness, purity and love, history, poetry, music, flowers, stars, God and eternal hopes,—is to be all but DEAD."

\* \* \*

"It was only a glad 'Good Morning,'  
As she passed along the way,  
But it spread the morning's glory  
Over the live-long day."



"Impatience is the worst foe of improvement."

\* \* \*

"Flowers play music to the eye, and music paints flowers for the ear."

\* \* \*

"Money is not the best gift to humanity—indeed it is the worst possible gift, save in cases of absolute suffering and times of dire need; but to give a weak soul strength, a cowardly soul courage, a lonely soul love and an erring soul *Hope*—that is the real benevolence, because it is the gift which lasts and helps both the giver and the receiver."

\* \* \*

"Thoughts not translated into life are loose leaves driven by the wind; they are dead in spite of their brilliancy, and doomed to rot in obscurity."

\* \* \*

"Duty is a hard mechanical process for making men do things that LOVE would make easy. . . . Love, in the divine alchemy of life, transmutes all duties into privileges, all responsibilities into joys."  
—*William George.*

\* \* \*

Fishing is human life epitomized. There is the water, calm, inscrutable, impenetrable—the symbol of fate—into which every man casts his line. What lies at the bottom of it for him no man may see. The tiny minnow of misfortune, which nibbles away his bait, may be followed the next moment by a monstrous catch of good luck, sweeping him almost off his feet.  
—*Bruce Barton.*

"With your temper gone you are as capable of successful argument as a decapitated general is of strategy."

\* \* \*

"Study the book of Acts to see how often things turned out well after all seemed to be going wrong."

\* \* \*

"The difference between a great opportunity and a cat is—the cat comes back."

\* \* \*

"There is no success that carries with it immunity from dark hours."

\* \* \*

Pay as little attention to discouragements as possible. Plow ahead as a steamer does, rough or smooth—rain or shine. To carry your cargo and make your port *that is the point*.

—*W. M. Babcock.*

\* \* \*

Given the gleam of early morning on some wide water, a heavy trout breaking the surface as he curves and plunges, with the fly holding well, with the right sort of a rod in your fingers, and the right man in the other end of the canoe, and you perceive how easy is that Emersonian trick of making the pomp of emperors ridiculous.

—*Bliss Perry.*

It is defeat which educates us.

—Emerson.

\* \* \*

"The shutting of one door is the opening of another."

\* \* \*

Don't bark against the bad, but chant the beauties of the good.

—Emerson.

\* \* \*

Somehow I never feel like good things b'long to me till I pass 'em on to somebody else.

—Mrs Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

\* \* \*

Curiosity killed a cat and discovered America. Same old Curiosity; difference in direction, that's all.

—Elizabeth Towne.

\* \* \*

"If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, you could cast the gift of music into the homes of others—that would be giving as the Angels give."

\* \* \*

"Any common dog knows a man who is narrow and unsociable and slinks away from him, while dozens of all canines will follow the frank and honest fellow, be he an old negro with not even a bone to give, or a vagabond Rip Van Winkle."

Real character is *quality of thinking*.

—*H. Wood.*

\* \* \*

How poor they are that have not patience.

—*Shakespeare.*

\* \* \*

The great thing in the world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.

—*O. W. Holmes.*

\* \* \*

“Whatsoever the mind believes affects the body.

Mind is the medium between soul and body.

The mind turns the faucet that lets in the flow of the soul.”

\* \* \*

“Mankind are always happier for having been happy, so if you make them happy *now*, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.”

—*Sidney Smith.*

\* \* \*

And because the clouds cover the heavens and there is no harbor in sight, do you deny there is a harbor?

—*W. W. Field.*

\* \* \*

“Learn to see things with a balanced brain, not with your prejudices.”

\* \* \*

If we could read the secret history of our enemies we would find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

—*Longfellow.*

Endurance is the crowning quality,  
And patience all the passion of great hearts.  
—*J. R. Lowell.*

\* \* \*

Fortune will call at the smiling gate.  
—*Japanese Proverb.*

\* \* \*

Shun idleness, it is the rust that attaches itself to  
the most brilliant metals. —*Voltaire.*

\* \* \*

"I think you have to be by yourself and a bit  
lonesome before nature ever whispers her secrets."

\* \* \*

"God makes us model in clay before He gives  
us marble from which to carve."

\* \* \*

He that brings sunshine into the lives of others  
cannot keep it from himself."

\* \* \*

Not what has happened to myself today, but  
what has happened to others through me—that  
should be my thought.

—*Frederick Deering Blake.*

\* \* \*

As I see it there is only one royal road to any-  
thing approaching contentment, and that road is  
paved from beginning to end with service.

—*Leigh M. Hodges.*

"When about to let go—hold on."

\* \* \*

"No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible."

\* \* \*

"Sorrow is the mere rust of the soul. Activity will cleanse and brighten it."

\* \* \*

We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures our successes.  
—*A Bronson Alcott.*

\* \* \*

"Whether in large or small affairs, there must be perpetual *adjustment*. Neither men nor women, more than our finely strung musical instruments, can escape the need of *constant tuning*."

\* \* \*

"There are so many things—the best things—that can only come when youth is past, that it may well happen to many of us to find ourselves happier and happier to the last."

\* \* \*

I think we should treat our minds as innocent children (whose guardian we are). Be careful what objects and what subjects we thrust on their attention.  
—*Thoreau.*

"Only the game fish swim up stream."

\* \* \*

"The best way to undo a wrong is to do a more beautiful right."

\* \* \*

Every noble life leaves the fibre of it interwoven in the work of the world.—*Ruskin*.

\* \* \*

We should adopt the sundial's motto: "I record none but hours of sunshine."

\* \* \*

"Hope is constant sunshine. Happiness is a candle in the wind."

\* \* \*

"Sweet memories of friends along the way are prisms of color to the heart."

\* \* \*

"Ability never amounts to much until it acquires two more letters—stability."

\* \* \*

"If bitterness has crept into the heart in the friction of the busy day's unguarded moments, be sure it steals away with the setting sun. *Twilight* is God's interval for peacemaking."

\* \* \*

"Money will buy anything—except happiness; it will enable you to go anywhere—except heaven."

\* \* \*

"If we have not quiet in our own minds, outward comforts will do no more for us than a golden slipper on a gouty foot."

"Each man's task is his life preserver."

\* \* \*

"Thy alchemist—contentment be."

\* \* \*

"The fire-fly only shines when on the wing."

\* \* \*

"The more barren the field the greater the privilege of creation."

\* \* \*

"Oh what know they of harbors  
Who toss not on the sea!"

\* \* \*

Love has power to give in a moment what toil  
can scarcely give in an age.—*Goethe*.

\* \* \*

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of  
every day life."

\* \* \*

"Oh the little more—and how much it is,  
The little less—and what worlds away!"

\* \* \*

The greatest art is to improve the QUALITY  
OF THE DAY.—*Thoreau*.

\* \* \*

Every man I meet is my master in some point  
and can instruct me therein.—*Emerson*.

\* \* \*

For He shall give his angels charge over thee  
to keep thee in all thy ways.—*Isaiah*.

\* \* \*

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every  
day, and at last we cannot break it.—*Horace Mann*.



Virgil said of the winning crew in his boat race,  
"They can because they believe they can."

\* \* \*

The mountain top must be reached—no matter how many times we fall in reaching it. The fall is not counted—it does not register—the picking up and going on is all that counts.

—Howard.

\* \* \*

When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My days will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight to open on the dawn.

—Victor Hugo.

\* \* \*

"We ought not to pronounce judgment on a fellow creature until we know *all that enters into his life*; until we measure all the forces of temptation or resistance; until we can give full weight to *all the facts* in the case—in other words, we are *never* in a *position to judge another*."

\* \* \*

"Love grieved—is like a bird with wet wings—it cannot fly, it cannot rise. It hops about upon the ground chirping anxiously, but every flutter shakes away more drops, every movement is drying the tiny feathers—and soon it soars to the tree tops, all the better for the shower which seemed first to have robbed it of even the power to rise again."

"The desirable life is not all sweet,—it is bitter-sweet."

\* \* \*

"The mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain,  
The anguish of the singer makes the sweetness of  
the strain."

\* \* \*

Every duty which we omit obscures some truth  
which we should have known. —*Rushin.*

\* \* \*

"The spider draws poison out of the flower; the  
bee draws honey out of the thistle."

\* \* \*

"All beauty is an arrangement of shadows, all  
charm is the play of light and shade, and all happiness  
is a creature of pains."

\* \* \*

"Never mind what you have borne! As well cry  
over the dirty face you had when you were a child!  
Wipe out the past, TRUST the future, and live in a  
glorious and glorified NOW."

\* \* \*

Your gloomy days, your experiences of rebuff,  
your failures, your rainy seasons of sadness, your  
wistful moments, your pangs of dreaming and longing—  
they are not wasted, they are making you deeply  
fertile. They are preparing your soil to grow  
that happiness which is as a ripe, round apple; un-  
plowed hearts grow only crab-apples.

—*Frank Crane.*

"It is a libel on the Creator to be depressed."

\* \* \*

Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.

—Collins.

\* \* \*

This is the word: "Some one hath need of thee."

—Emma C. Dowd.

\* \* \*

"Keep your face *always* toward the sunshine and the shadows will fall behind."

\* \* \*

"Happiness consists in being on good terms with one's self."

\* \* \*

Patience is the strongest of soft drinks, for it kills the giant Despair.

—Douglas Jerrold.

\* \* \*

"Be noble! And the noblesness that lies in others (sleeping, but never dead), will rise in majesty to meet thine own!"

\* \* \*

It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?

—Thoreau.

\* \* \*

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

—Dryden.

\* \* \*

"A simple touch of scarlet on the hill  
Where sumac dons the color of the flame;  
A leaf-strewn stream that loiters toward the mill;  
A golden path that shows where Autumn came."

## MEMORY

*By Hilton R. Greer*

Shrined in the inmost chamber of the heart  
There is a vase of sheer and beaten gold,  
A fragile thing, and exquisite, wherein  
The fairest flowers of departed Junes  
Are kept perennial—the slender vase  
—Which men call Memory!

\* \* \*

## TRANSGRESSION

I meant to do my work today,—  
But a brown bird sang in the apple tree,  
And a butterfly flitted across the field,  
And all the leaves were calling me.  
And the wind went sighing over the land,  
Tossing the grasses to and fro,  
And a rainbow held out its shining hand—  
So what could I do but laugh and go?  
—*Richard Le Gallienne.*

\* \* \*

## DEFEAT

Defeat may serve as well as victory  
To shake the soul and let the glory out.  
When the great oak is straining in the wind,  
The boughs drink in new beauty, and the trunk  
Sends down a deeper root on the windward side.  
Only the soul that knows the mighty grief  
Can know the mighty rapture. Sorrows come  
To stretch out spaces in the heart for joy  
—*Edwin Markham.*

## GOD WITH US

A pretty thought on a printed page—  
And I thought it fresh and new,  
And I plucked it to put in my memory chest,  
With the beautiful, good and true.

For my *Memory Chest* holds a miser's hoard,  
My treasure—the thoughts of the great,  
How I love to mumble the sweet words o'er,  
And lay them away in state.

So the fresh little thought I locked with my store,  
With the others to lie bright and still,  
That at any time I might draw it forth  
To give me pleasure at will.

But I did not know that a spark of life  
I had tried to imprison there;  
It roused dead thoughts to burst their cells,  
And master me unaware.

They rioted through my brain apace,  
Then gradually formed in line,  
And I saw the haphazard scraps of life,  
Conform to a Master's design.

And thoughts and thoughts from the Everywhere  
Found bodies in words and deeds.  
At a thought's command the universe stood  
To minister unto our needs.

That little thought was a mustard seed,  
To a mustard tree it grew,  
With a million seeds that the winds of heaven  
To earth's four corners blew.

—L. M. Leaman.

## SHIPS AT SEA.

"If all the ships I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Ah! well, the harbor would not hold  
So many ships as there would be,  
If all my ships came home to me.

"If half my ships came back from sea  
And brought their precious freight to me,  
Ah! well, I should have wealth as great  
As any king that sits in state,  
So rich the treasure there would be  
In half my ships now out at sea.

"If but one ship I have at sea  
Should come a-sailing home to me,  
Ah! well, the storm clouds them might frown,  
For if the others all went down,  
Still rich and proud and glad I'd be,  
If that one ship came home to me.

"But if that ship went down at sea  
And all the others came to me,  
Weighted down with gems and wealth untold,  
With honor, riches, glory, gold,  
The poorest soul on earth I'd be,  
If that one ship came not to me.

"O skies, be calm! O winds, blow free!  
Blow all my ships safe home to me;  
But if thou sendest some awrack,  
To nevermore come sailing back,  
Send any, all, that sail the sea,  
But send my love ship home to me."

## JOY IN THE THORN

I do not think the Providence unkind  
That gives its bad things to this life of ours;  
They are the thorns whereby we, travelers blind,  
Feel out our flowers.

—*Alice Cary.*

\* \* \*

## LOVE'S LANTERN

Because the road was steep and long  
And through a dark and lonely land,  
God set upon my lips a song  
And put a lantern in my hand.

Through miles on weary miles of night  
That stretch relentless on my way  
My lantern burns serene and white,  
An unexhausted cup of day.

O golden lights and lights like wine,  
How dim your boasted splendors are.  
Behold this little lamp of mine:  
It is more starlike than a star!  
—*Joyce Kilmer.*

\* \* \*

## 'MID THE ROAR

“ ‘Mid the roar  
Of this rude, striving world, I hear your life  
Pouring its music, even as one might hear,  
Far off, a chime of silver bells that hints  
Of mounting orisons, of happy hymns,  
Unfailing trust and immemorial peace.”

## TOGETHER

We two in the fever and fervor and glow  
Of life's high tide have rejoiced together;  
We have looked out over the glittering snow,  
And known we were dwelling in Summer  
weather;

For the seasons are made by the heart I hold,  
And not by outdoor heat or cold.

We two, in the shadows of pain and woe,  
Have journeyed together in dim, dark places,  
Where black-robed Sorrow walked to and fro,  
And Fear and Trouble, with phantom faces,  
Peered out upon us and froze our blood,  
Though June's fair roses were all in bud.

We two have measured all depths, all heights,  
We have bathed in tears, we have sunned in  
laughter;

We have known all sorrows and delights—  
They never could keep us apart hereafter.  
Whether your spirit went high or low,  
My own would follow, and find you I know.

If they took my soul into Paradise,  
And told me I must be content without you,  
I would weary them so with my lonesome cries,  
And the ceaseless questions I asked about you,  
They would open the gates and set me free,  
Or else they would find you and bring you to me.

\* \* \*

Let us love so well our work shall be sweeter  
for our love, and still our love be sweeter for our  
work.

—*E. B. Browning.*



## THE CAUSE

"Whatever the weather may be," says he,  
Whatever the weather may be,  
It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear  
That's a-making the sunshine everywhere.  
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

\* \* \*

## TO A BULB

Misshaped, black, unlovely to the sight,  
O mute companion of the murky mole,  
You must feel over-joyed to have a white,  
Imperious, dainty lily for a soul.  
—*By R. K. Mun̄kittrick.*

\* \* \*

## WORK

Let me do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market place, or tranquil room;  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
—When vagrant wishes beckon me astray—  
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done, in the right way."  
Then shall I see it not too great or small,  
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;  
THEN shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,  
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall  
At eventide, to play and love and rest,  
Because I know for me my work is best."  
—*Henry Van Dyke.*

## FISHING REASONS

Fish can be bought in the market place,  
So it isn't the fish I'm after.  
I want to get free from the care-drawn face  
And back to an honest laughter,  
I want to get out where the skies are clean  
And rest by a river's brink,  
I want to get out where the woods are green  
And I want a few hours to think.  
Oh, it isn't the fish I am greedy for,  
It's the chatter and song of birds,  
And the talk of trees that I've known before.  
I am weary of selfish words.  
I want to stretch out, just my soul and I,  
In a place from the strife afar,  
And let a few care-filled hours pass by  
As I think of the things that are.  
Oh, it isn't the fish that I go to get,  
Though there's joy in a swishing line  
And a splendid thrill when my grip I set  
And a small mouthed bass is mine!  
But my soul seems cramped in the stifling air  
That is heavy with talk of gain  
And I want to get out where the world is fair  
And there isn't so much of pain.  
Fish can be bought in the market place  
But I long for the running streams,  
And I want to be free from the care-drawn face  
And the city of dreadful dreams.  
I want to stretch out, just my soul and I  
On a sun-kissed river shore,  
And be, as a few mad hours rush by,  
The man that I am, once more.

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## THE GOLDEN-ROD

Said the bumble-bee to the golden-rod,  
One sultry summer day,  
"Why do you dwell on this dusty road,  
Where only milk weeds stay?"  
With a pleasant smile and a gentle sway,  
Answered the golden-rod,  
"I love to grow and brighten the way  
By weary travelers trod."  
—*Emma King in the "Young Eagle."*

\* \* \*

One ship sails east  
And another west,  
With the selfsame winds that blow.  
'Tis the set of the sails,  
And not the gales,  
Which decides the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea  
Are the ways of fate,  
As we voyage along through life;  
'Tis the will of the soul  
That decides the goal,  
And not the calm or the strife.

—*Author Not Known.*

\* \* \*

"One smile can glorify a day,  
One word true hope impart,  
The least disciple need not say,  
There are no alms to give away,  
If love be in the heart."

## AN OPTIMIST.

"I know as my life grows older,  
And my eyes have clearer sight,  
That under each rank wrong somewhere  
There lies the root of right;  
That each sorrow has its purpose,  
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;  
But as sure as the sun brings morning,  
Whatever is—is best.

"I know that each sinful action,  
As sure as night brings shade,  
Is somewhere some time punished,  
Tho' the hour be long delayed,  
I know that the soul is aided  
Sometimes by the heart's unrest.  
And "to grow" means often to suffer,  
But—whatever is—is best.

"I know there is no error  
In the great supernal plan,  
And all things work together  
For the final good of man.  
And I know when my soul speeds onward  
In its grand eternal quest,  
I shall cry as I look back earthward,  
Whatever is—is best."

\* \* \*

But what if I fail in my purpose here?  
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,  
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,  
And baffled get up and begin again.  
So the chase takes up one's life—that's all.  
—Robert Browning: *Life in a Love*.

## WIND AND BLOSSOMS

Even though the blossoms  
Tremble to their fall,  
Wind is singing, "Still we had  
The sweetest time of all!  
For I have kissed the blossoms,  
Singing east and west,  
And here the birds were sheltered,  
Singing round the nest.  
And I know a little sweetheart girl  
Who wore them on her breast!"  
—*Frank Stanton.*

\* \* \*

## MY SOUL

I have broken my soul to harness,  
I have taught it to toil for me,  
I have driven it over the farness  
Of river and hill and sea;  
Yet, Soul, I have not degraded  
The Soul of myself within —  
Yet, Soul, I have never traded  
And given you into sin.

I have led you by rein and halter,  
I have peddled my strength and youth,  
But never a bribe could alter  
The thing that I thought the truth;  
And when I shall lose the tether,  
When we wait at the final place,  
When we stand before God together,  
I may look at you face to face.  
—*D. Malloch.*

"Love, friendship, simple hopes, kindly ambitions, sweet affections, home, the white table-cloth, the yellow butter, the golden honey, the amber tea, the fragrant sprig of woodbine in the hair, the simple bouquet of wild roses on the table, the bright fire on the friendly hearth when the cool of evening falls, the sweet clover under the window, the comfortable cat in the sunshine on the porch, the old dog at the gate, the bees a-hum in the buckwheat—what is there better than these things or more to be loved, after all?"

\* \* \*

## PRAYER FOR A NEW HOUSE

*By Louis Untermeyer*

May nothing evil cross this door,  
And may ill-fortune never pry  
About these windows; may the roar  
And rains go by.

Strengthened by faith, these rafters will  
Withstand the battering of the storm;  
This hearth, though all the world grow chill,  
Will keep us warm.

Peace shall walk softly through these rooms,  
Touching our lips with holy wine,  
Till every casual corner blooms  
Into a shrine.

Laughter shall drown the raucous shout;  
And, though these sheltering walls are thin  
May they be strong to keep hate out  
*And hold love in.*

"Be happy! let who will be sad,  
There are so many pleasant things,  
So many things to make us glad:  
The flowers, the buds, the bird that sings  
—And sweeter still than all of these—  
*Our friendship, and old memories.*"

\* \* \*

"It is not raining rain for me,  
It's raining daffodils,  
In every dimpled drop I see  
Wild flowers on the hills.

"The clouds of gray engulf the day,  
And overwhelm the town.  
It is not raining rain to me,  
It's raining roses down."

\* \* \*

"Let the world drone its song,  
In a sad minor key,  
The anthem of gladness  
Is ringing for me."

\* \* \*

"The sun is the light of day,  
Yet its light conceals  
The light of a thousand suns  
Which night reveals."

—*Author Unknown.*

\* \* \*

"The inner side of every cloud is bright and shining—  
I therefore turn my clouds about  
And always wear them inside out—  
To show the lining."

## MY CREED

For darkness passes—storms shall not abide,  
A little patience and the fog is past;  
After the sorrow of the ebbing tide,  
The singing floods return in joy at last.  
The night is long and pain weighs heavily,  
But God will hold His world above despair;  
Look to the East, where up the lurid sky  
The morning climbs! The day shall yet be fair.

—*Celia Baxter.*

\* \* \*

“Full many a race is lost  
Ere ever a step is run;  
And many a coward fails  
Ere ever his work’s begun.  
Think big and your deeds will grow,  
Think small and you’ll fall behind.  
Think that you can and you will,  
It’s all in the state of mind.”

\* \* \*

“It isn’t the things you’ve done, dear,  
It’s the things you have left undone  
That gives you the bit of a heartache  
At the setting of the sun.”

\* \* \*

“It is not that our earlier years escape the April  
showers,  
Or that to childhood’s heart is known no thorns  
among the flowers;  
It is not that our later years of cares are woven  
wholly,  
But smiles less quickly chase the tears—and wounds  
are healed more slowly.”



The little cares that fretted me, I lost them yesterday  
Among the fields, above the sea, among the winds  
that play.  
Among the lowing of the herds, the rustling of the  
trees,  
Among the singing of the birds, the humming of the  
bees.  
—*Mrs. Browning.*

\* \* \*

"You never can tell what your thoughts can do  
In bringing you hate or love,  
For thoughts are things,  
And their airy wings  
Are swifter than carrier dove.  
They follow the law of the universe—  
Each thing must create its kind,  
And they speed over the track,  
To bring you back  
Whatever went out of your mind."

\* \* \*

"Just a little whiff of balsam, just a little patch o'  
green,  
By a little lake where fancy bids me roam;  
Moon a shinin' through the birches, skeeters hum-  
min' on the screen  
Of a little rag o' canvas—that's my home!"  
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels  
and traces,  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know—  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the star-  
light on our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!  
— *Kipling.*

## JUDGE, NOT!

In men who men condemn as ill  
I find so much of goodness still;  
In men who men pronounce divine,  
I find so much of sin and blot  
I hesitate to draw the line  
Between the two—where God has not.  
—*Joaquin Miller.*

\* \* \*

## WIRELESS

How far a heart-string stretches! Finer spun  
Than gossamer and like Arachne's thread,  
From thoughts that lift it to the highest airs,  
All spirit-blown it crosses earth and seas,  
And mends its broken harmony at last  
Upon the listening heart that holds it fast!  
—*Christopher.*

\* \* \*

## A STORY

"When the story ended badly,  
And you found me bathed in tears,  
You would seize the book and mock me  
With your teasing, boyish jeers.

"Now no printed griefs can move me  
To the semblance of a sigh;  
You are at the front, and only  
Happy endings make me cry!"

\* \* \*

Who seeks a faultless friend, rests friendless.  
—*Turkish Proverb.*

## THE CANARY

"Dat little yaller cage-bird preems 'is wings,  
An' he mounts 'is pyerch an' sings an' sings;  
He feels 'is cage, but I spec' he 'low  
To take what comes an' sing anyhow.  
An' you ain't by yo'self, little bird, in dat—  
No, you ain't by yo'self in dat."

\* \* \*

It is in loving, not in being loved,  
The heart is blessed;  
It is in giving, not in seeking gifts,  
We find our quest.  
Whatever be thy longing or thy need  
That do thou give.

—*M. E. Russell.*

\* \* \*

These are gifts I ask of thee, spirit serene—  
Strength for the daily task;  
Courage to face the road;  
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load;  
And for the hours of rest that come between,  
And inward joy in all things heard and seen.

These are the sins I fain would have thee take  
away—

Malice and cold disdain;  
Hot anger, sullen hate;  
Scorn of the lowly, envy of the great;  
And discontent that casts a shadow gray  
On all the brightness of a common day.

—*Henry van Dyke.*

## FOLKS NEED A LOT OF LOVING.

"Folks need a lot of loving in the morning,  
The day is all before with cares beset  
The cares we know and they that give no warning,  
For love is God's own antidote for fret.  
"Folks need a heap of loving at the noon time,  
In the battle lull, the moment snatched from strife  
Half between the waking and the croon time,  
While bickering and worrying are rife.  
"Folks hunger so for loving at the night-time  
When wearily they take them home to rest,  
At slumber-song-and-turning-out-the-light-time,  
Of all the times for loving that's the best.  
"Folks want a lot of loving every minute,  
The sympathy of others and their smile  
Till life end, from the minute they begin it  
Folks need a lot of loving all the while."

\* \* \*

## WHAT IS LOVE?

Love is not getting, but  
Giving, not a wild  
Dream of pleasure, and a  
Madness of desire.—Oh, no,  
Love is not that.—It is  
Goodness and Honor, and  
Peace and pure living.—  
Yes, love is that; and it is  
The best thing in the  
World, and the thing that  
Lives longest.—

—*Henry van Dyke.*

## BREADTH OF VIEW

Three priests, of diverse faiths, one morning fair,  
By roads apart, far from each other's sight  
Sought out a shrine upon a mountain height,  
And when they reached the sacred precincts there,  
Stood on the crest, and breathed the crystal air  
With silent joy, till one with locks of white,  
With eyes upon the valley, bathed in light,  
Addressed the pilgrims with a wisdom rare:  
"O brothers, we have glimpsed but narrow skies,  
And trod one path, as if 'twere all we knew,  
To climb the mount at last, and there, more wise,  
Behold all roads have brought us good and true  
To heights divine, where we with clearer eyes  
Can see our need is greater breadth of view."  
—*Washington Van Dusen in the Christian Register.*

\* \* \*

"That music has the power of soothing one's brain has long been conceded. That is the wherefore of the mother's lullaby. That is the reason of the popularity of concerts of any kind. It creates an atmosphere of forgetfulness of cares and a spirit of repose that is more efficacious than any artificial means concocted by the mind of any chemist."

\* \* \*

"He dared to reduce religion to a simple proposition. 'This is my commandment that ye have love, one for another.' He wanted to make people friendly, kind, just and generous toward one another. He was not interested in catechizing men concerning church dogmas. He rebuked the Scribes and Pharisees who argued for and tested people by their creeds—He rebuked them with words that have lost none of their force through the centuries."

Teach me, Father, how to go  
Softly as the grasses grow;  
Hush my soul to meet the shock  
Of the wild world as a rock;  
But my spirit, propped with power,  
Make as simple as a flower.  
Let the dry heart fill its cup,  
Like a poppy looking up;  
Let life lightly wear her crown,  
Like a poppy looking down,  
When its heart is filled with dew  
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be  
Kind and patient as a tree.  
Joyfully the crickets croon  
Under the shady oak at noon;  
Beetle, on his mission bent,  
Tarries in that cooling tent.  
Let me, also, cheer a spot,  
Hidden field or garden grot—  
Place where passing souls can rest  
On the way and be their best.  
—*Edwin Markham.*

\* \* \*

“The kiss of the sun for pardon,  
The song of the bird for mirth,  
One is nearer God’s heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.”

\* \* \*

The greater men are, the humbler they are, be-  
cause they conceive of a greatness beyond attain-  
ment.  
—*Gibbon.*

## HOME

"Under the brown, bird-haunted eaves of thatch  
The hollyhocks in crimson glory burned  
Against black timber and old rosy brick.  
And over the green door in clusters thick  
Hung tangled passion-flowers, when we returned  
To our own threshold; and with hand on latch  
We stood a moment in the sunset gleam  
And looked upon our home as in a dream.  
Rapt in a golden glow of still delight,  
Together on the threshold in the sun  
We stood rejoicing that we two had won  
To this deep golden peace ere day was done,  
That over gloomy plain and storm-swept height  
We two, O love, had won to home ere night."

\* \* \*

Laugh and the world laughs with you,  
Weep and you weep alone.  
The world pays you cash for smiles and laughs,  
But not one cent for a groan.

—*J. G. Mills.*

\* \* \*

"Could we but draw aside the curtain,  
That enfolds each other's lives,  
See the naked heart and spirit,  
Know what spur the action gives,  
Often we should find it better,  
Purer than we judge we should.  
We might love each other better  
If we only understood."

\* \* \*

"Do not spend so much time in getting a living  
that you will have no time to live."

## MINIATURE

For all your gestures, for your gray-blue eyes  
And Irish mouth and hair that makes you child  
When shaken out at evening; for your mirth  
And your quick pity, and your mother's breast;  
For the great tenderness that you have given  
And the rich dreams through purple flowing night,  
The holy lull of effort and the peace  
Of a deep love; because of all these things,  
Wherever I should be—beyond what seas  
Of an enchanted music, on what isles,  
I know not, of strange irradiance,  
In dream or life or death—dissatisfied  
With splendor or white mystery, my heart  
Would break—my heart would break—never to  
hear

Your tones again or feel your hair again  
Beneath my lips, or see your lifted eyes  
Brimming with all the secrets of the stars.

—*William Rose Bennet.*

\* \* \*

## THE TREE

Dear little tree that we plant today,  
What will you be when we're old and gray?  
"The savings bank of the squirrel and mouse,  
For robin and wren an apartment house,  
The dressing-room of the butter-fly's ball,  
The locust's and katydid's concert hall.  
The schoolboy's ladder in pleasant June,  
The schoolgirl's tent in the July noon,  
And my leaves shall whisper them merrily  
A tale of the children who planted me."

—*Author Not Known.*



"You prayed for me,  
And when I waken in the cold, gray dawn,  
The memory of your prayer does cause the glow  
Within the eastern skies  
To creep within my heart;  
The bird songs come with sweeter music to mine ear;  
The mercy of my God breaks o'er my soul with  
peace divine,  
Making me unafraid to go into the new day  
When I remember that *you prayed* for me.

"You prayed for me,  
And when the long day is done with its sun and  
shadows—  
Its high, clear places bathed in radiant light,  
Its deep, dark pitfalls shrouded in gloom and  
misery—  
I rest a little in the deepening twilight  
And lingering glory of sunset skies  
Ere I pass unafraid into the great dark  
Beyond which lies the country of my dreams and  
you.  
*You who prayed for me.*

\* \* \*

"Smile awhile,  
And when you smile  
Another smiles,  
And soon there are  
Miles and miles  
Of smiles,  
And life is worth while  
Because you smile."

"Out of Prosperine's apron,  
Leaping and laughing they come,  
Buttercup smoothing her petals,  
Grasshopper sounding his drum;  
    And little fern tucking  
    His round head and sucking  
The tip of a tiny thumb.  
"Out of Prosperine's apron,  
Come little gossamer things  
Donning their bonnets of scarlet,  
Tying the golden strings;  
While butterflies, soaring  
In clouds, come up-pouring  
On sapphire and silvery wings.  
"Out of Prosperine's apron,  
Tumble the blossoms and bees—  
Something else tumbles beside them  
That only the little child sees;  
Something that haughtily,  
    Friskily, naughtily  
Idles away on the breeze.  
"Out of Prosperine's apron  
A-lifting their mushrooms high  
Lest little noses be sun-burned,  
The fairies come mincing by;  
And there's nobody knows  
    But the bird and the rose  
And the lad with the laughing eye!"

\* \* \*

"I don't meddle with what my friends believe or reject any more than I ask whether they are *rich or poor; I love them.*"

## THE THINGS THAT PLAGUE

"They come at night, them things that plague,  
And gather round my bed  
They cluster thick about the foot,  
And lean on top the head.

They like the dark, them things that plague,  
For then they can be great,  
They loom like doom from out the gloom,  
And shriek: "I am your Fate!"

But, after all, them things that plague  
Are cowards—Say not you?—  
To strike a man when he is down,  
And in the darkness, too.

For if you'll watch them things that plague,  
Till coming of the dawn,  
You'll find when once you're on your feet,  
The things that plague—are gone!"

\* \* \*

## MELLOWING

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Syndicate).

Accumulating years to some spell age—  
To me each one is but a fresher page  
That opens up new prospects to the sight,  
And shows life's loveliness in fuller light;  
And 'tis my prayer that as the years pass by  
I'll not seem older to the friendly eye  
But riper grown, and even mellowing  
Like the rich fruits that from young blossoms spring.

—By John Kendrick Bangs.

## THE TREE

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.  
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast.  
A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.  
A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;  
Upon whose bosom snow has lain;  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.  
—Joyce Kilmer.

\* \* \*

I read within a poet's book  
A word that starred the page:  
"Stone walls do not a prison make,  
Nor iron bars a cage!"

Yes, that is true, and something  
You'll find, where'er you roam,  
That marble floors and gilded walls  
Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides,  
And friendship is a guest,  
Is surely home, and home-sweet-home;  
For there the heart can rest.

—Henry van Dyke.

## EACH FINDS HIS OWN

"When I consider life and its few years—  
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
A call to battle and the battle done  
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;  
A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;  
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;  
The burst of music down an unlistening street—  
I wonder at the idleness of tears.  
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,  
Chieftains and bards, and keepers of the sheep,  
By every cup of sorrow that you had,  
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright  
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep;  
Homer his sight, David his little lad!"



## THE BEAUTY OF OLD AGE

"Meseems she grows more lovely with the years,  
Though wrinkles have begun to seek her brow  
And age with touch relentless swiftly sears  
The rosy bloom that graced her cheeks ere now.  
A lovely veil her beauty was, that hid  
A golden jewel 'neath its silken fold;  
Men praised the beauty of the veil, but did  
Not know aught of the ornament of gold.  
Now, piece by piece, the veil has dropped away,  
The charms of youth, which men were wont to  
praise;  
The jewel shines with a serener ray  
Than did her beauty in the bygone days.  
The veil has dropped and brightly forth doth shine  
The beauty of her soul, serene, divine."

## THE FIRST BLUE BIRD

Jest rain and snow; and rain again!  
And dribble! drip! and blow!  
Then snow! and thaw! and slush! and then—  
Some more rain and snow!

This morning I was 'most afeard  
To wake up—when, I jing!  
I seen the sun shine out and heerd  
The first bluebird of spring!—  
Mother she'd raised the winder some;  
And in acrost the orchard come,  
Soft as an angel's wing,  
A breezy, treesy, beesy hum,  
Too sweet for anything!

The winter's shroud was rent apart—  
The sun burst forth in glee,—  
And when that bluebird sung, my heart  
Hopped out o' bed with me!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

\* \* \*

“Build a little fence of trust  
Around each day,  
Fill the space with loving work,  
And therein stay;  
Look not through its sheltering bars  
Upon tomorrow;  
God will help thee bear what comes  
Of joy and sorrow.”

\* \* \*

If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers  
it shows he is a citizen of the world.—*Bacon.*

## THE LITTLE PATH

"Once, strolling slowly down a sunswept way,  
I spied, half hidden 'neath an alder tree,  
A little woodsy path that beckoned me;  
I thought I should come back another day  
And through its lure of leaf and blossom stray  
And so I sauntered merrily along,  
Humming a stave of some old lilting song  
That ran, "Seize joy and beauty while you may."

But when fate gave me leisure to return  
I searched the hederow hour by hour in vain  
Where summer's growth veiled all with vines and  
fern;  
And, though life's gifts have brought me treas-  
ured gain,  
Each June I mourn when dreams drift down the mind  
*The little path that I could never find."*

\* \* \*

Would'st shape a noble life?  
Then cast  
No blackened glances toward the past,  
And tho somewhat be lost and gone  
Yet do thou act as one new born;  
What each day needs that shalt thou ask,  
Each day will set its proper task.  
—Goethe.

\* \* \*

"Musicians tell us that for every discord there is  
one note whose addition will produce harmony.  
Whenever you perceive discord about you, look  
eagerly for the love note that will change it into  
harmony."

## WHY THE KATYDIDS SING

"I never knew why katydids keep singing all night long;  
I guessed about it quite a bit, but every guess was wrong,  
Until one day a little boy, who's wiser far than I,  
Perched on my knee, beside the fire, and kindly told me why.  
And then it seemed quite strange to me that I could not divine  
That fairy folk, like you and me, love music when they dine!

"The fairies can't come out by day, for if they do, you see,  
They just dissolve like sugar lumps that one puts in his tea,  
And though they tried to teach the birds to sing for them at  
night,  
The birds had got to build their nests, a task that needed light,  
But katydids, although the dark is black as anything,  
Can see like owls and bats, and so they don't care WHEN they  
sing!

"The fairies taught them songs and glees and choruses and  
chants,  
And how to sing in perfect time, as bands play at a dance,  
And, as they eat from fall of dusk until the peep of dawn,  
The katydids, though wearied out, keep singing on and on,  
Until the sun's first pearly rays are flung from east to west,  
And then, till twilight falls again they go and take their rest.

"And so, some starlit August night, when down the road you  
pass  
You hear a host of choristers among the meadow grass  
And notes that every one of them is singing quite in time—  
As steady as the old hall clock, as rhythmic as a rhyme—  
You will not need a nature book to learn the reason why,  
Because, now you have read this tale, you'll know as well as I!"

\* \* \*

Seneca said: "I was a little too hasty in a dispute  
today; my opinion might have been as well spared,  
for it gave offense and did no good at all. The  
thing was TRUE, but all truths are not to be  
spoken at all times."

\* \* \*

What incomes have we not had from a flower,  
and how unfailing are the dividends of the seasons!

—Lowell.



## THE GOOD SHIP "HOME"

The good ship "Home" was builded well,  
And her keel was laid with care;  
Her pure white sails, all billowy set,  
Were filled with the breath of prayer.

Her ribs of oak were the hearts of men,  
And the Master was given command,  
But the love and care of the precious craft  
Was placed in a woman's hand.

The winds of evil have spent their wrath—  
The rocks have menaced in vain;  
Tho' her sails look worn and ragged and torn,  
How proudly she sails the main!

O ship!—good ship, sail on, sail on!  
And, womanly hand, hold true!  
You and the Pilot and a world of love  
Will carry the good ship thru!  
—*Walt Brian.*

\* \* \*

## THE SPHERE OF WOMAN

"They talked about a woman's sphere—as though it  
had a limit;  
There's not a place in Earth or Heaven,  
There's not a task to mankind given,  
There's not a blessing or a woe,  
There's not a whispered yes or no,  
There's not a life, or death, or birth  
That has a feather's weight of worth—  
Without a woman in it."

## FAITH

"I would not see too clearly;  
I love the purple haze  
That softly veils the distance,  
And beauty gives my gaze—  
That leaves to Fancy's limning  
The things I'd like to see,  
My fondest hopes undimming  
By what can never be.

"I would not see too clearly—  
No prying thought would thrust;  
Whatever holds the future,  
Let my poor heart yet trust.  
Love I a friend unduly,  
I would not know his lack;  
If I still love him truly—  
My love may win him back.

"I would not see too clearly;  
Contented with what seems  
Let me keep life's illusion,  
The beauty of my dreams.  
Suspicion of the seeming  
What good can ever do?  
Oft if we trust our dreaming  
*Faith makes the dream come true."*

\* \* \*

Ah! when shall all men's good  
Be each man's rule, and universal peace  
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,  
And a lane of beams athwart the sea,  
Through all the circle of the golden year?  
—*Alfred Tennyson.*

## OUT WHERE THE WEST BEGINS

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,  
Out where the smile dwells a little longer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where the sun is a little brighter,  
Where the snows that fall are a trifle whiter,  
Where the bonds of home are a wee bit tighter,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the skies are a trifle bluer,  
Out where the friendship's a little truer,  
That's where the West begins;  
Out where a fresher breeze is blowing,  
Where there's laughter in every streamlet flowing,  
Where there's more of reaping and less of sowing,  
That's where the West begins.

Out where the world is in the making,  
Where fewer hearts with despair are aching,  
That's where the West begins;  
Where there's more of singing and less of sighing,  
Where there's more of giving and less of buying,  
And a man makes friends without half trying,  
That's where the West begins.

—*Arthur Chapman.*

\* \* \*

## LIFE SOLVED.

“An attitude—a vantage point gained, emancipation—invulnerability against the aches and pains which otherwise our fellow beings had the power to give us—to choose as from a height **WHAT IS BEST FOR ONE'S SELF**, untroubled by the ideas of people.”

## LITTLE HOUSE O' DREAMS

"Oh, little house with windows wide,  
A-looking toward the sea,  
How have you come, why have you come  
To mean so much to me?  
"Your walls within my heart are raised,  
And, oh, how strange it seems!  
My hopes but measure to your roof,  
Oh, little house o' dreams.  
Oh, little place where friends will come,  
The tangled world to flee,  
Brave little nook where peace will abide,  
And hospitality!  
"Pray where's the magic wand I need,  
To touch your slender beams,  
And change you to a home in truth,  
Oh, little house o' dreams?"

\* \* \*

## FULFILLMENT

"To every ship, the harbor lights;  
To every stream, the sea;  
To every wind-blown bird that roams,  
His nest beneath the tree."

\* \* \*

Fame is the scentless sunflower  
With gaudy crown of gold;  
But friendship is the breathing rose  
With sweets in every fold.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

## THE TOWN OF DON'T-YOU-WORRY

There's a town called Don't-You-Worry,  
On the banks of River Smile,  
Where the Cheer-up and Be-Happy  
Blossom sweetly all the while.  
Where the Never-Grumble flower  
Blooms beside the fragrant Try,  
And the Ne'er-Give-Up and Patience  
Point their faces to the sky.

In the Valley of Contentment,  
In the Province of I-Will,  
You will find this lively city,  
At the foot of No-Fret Hill.  
There are thoroughfares delightful  
In this very charming town,  
And on every hand are shade trees  
Named the Very-Seldom-Frown.

Rustic benches, quite enticing  
You'll find scattered here and there;  
And to each a vine is clinging  
Called the Frequent-Earnest-Prayer,  
Everybody there is happy,  
And is singing all the while,  
In the town of Don't-You-Worry  
On the banks of River Smile.

.. —I. J. Bartlett.

\* \* \*

Oh the little birds sang east and the little birds  
sang west,  
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed  
around our incompleteness,  
Round our restlessness, His rest.



This little chicken just out of the shell

Lives now in a new world and thinks all is well.  
Says, "What is the matter, you earth folks, do tell?"

Don't know why you're grumpy? I do and I'll tell  
Fate isn't against you, you're *cracking some shell*.

And when you get out, sir, you'll say, 'All is  
well.' "

—*Henry Victor Morgan.*



**"It never was *loving* that emptied the heart,  
Or *giving* that emptied the purse."**



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THE UNI

"Somewhere the bluebird is singing  
and winging its way to you."